

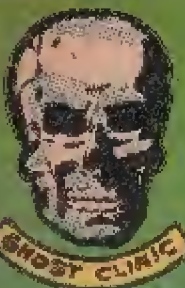
WEIRD
EIRD

STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE

SEPT. 1952

NO. 9

into



10¢

JOURNEY FEAR



*Masked Death
Out of the Crypt
NIGHTMARE
Come True
Preview of Doom*



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Journey Into Fear No.9 1952

Superior Publishers

Scanned by rez May 2008

Missing panel on last page.

NER CLIPS NOW.

JOLOLA SALES BOX 496 BUFFALO N.Y.
In Canada 2382 DUNDAS ST. W. TORONTO ONT.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

JOLOLA SALES, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
In CANADA, 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

Send me C.O.D. plus Postage
☐ 36 Banner Clips \$1. ☐ 18 Banner Clips 50¢.
I will pay Postman on Delivery.
☐ Send () sets of 36 Banner Clips at \$1. set.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Prov.....

If you enclose remittance in full with this Coupon, we will Prepay all Delivery Charges.
☐ Amount enclosed \$.....

GLAMOURIZE YOUR BICYCLE

BANNER CLIPS

Exciting New Glamour For Your Bicycle

With the NEW colourful BANNER CLIPS. You can glamorize your bicycle like a rainbow on wheels. There are 36 Banner Clips in all. Nine for each side of each wheel. \$1.00 for the complete set, or you may order 18, enough for one wheel for 50c.

It's a cinch to put them on and Oh! what a stunning effect . . . All the "Kids" will want Banner Clips for their "Bikes."

We will pay you \$1.00 for six complete sets you sell to your friends. **SEND FOR YOUR BANNER CLIPS NOW.**

JOLOLA SALES BOX 496 BUFFALO N.Y.
In Canada 2382 DUNDAS ST. W. TORONTO ONT.

Look Rick . . . I got my Banner Clips.

They're just like mine.. I'll show you how easy they are to put on.

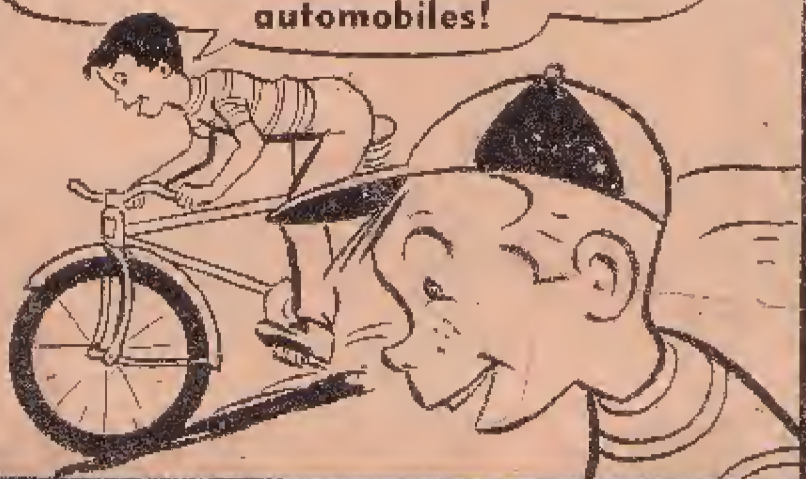


Just put the narrow end toward the hub . . . then bend the ears in behind the spokes.

Gee! Rick, I could have done that myself . . . It's easy.



Gee! Everybody's lookin'! I'll bet they will be putting them on the new automobiles!



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NIGHTMARE COME TRUE

EVER WAKE UP SWEATING AFTER A NIGHTMARE? REMEMBER THE COLD TERROR, THE FROZEN PANIC, THE SCREAM THAT WOULDN'T COME OUT? BAD ENOUGH! BUT YOU ALWAYS WOKE UP! THEN RITTY POOR, GEORGE MARSH, THE MAN WHO DREAMED MONSTERS...



GEORGE, A GROCERY CLERK IN A SMALL TOWN, BEGINS TO WORRY ABOUT HIS NIGHTMARES...

I'M GOING CRAZY!
IF I DREAM AGAIN
TONIGHT, I'LL SEE
A DOCTOR!

MAYBE THESE PILLS WILL
MAKE ME SLEEP! ANYTHING
IS BETTER THAN DREAMING
ABOUT THOSE—UGH—
MONSTERS!



YOU'RE
OUT OF
LUCK,
GEORGE!!

GEORGE! WAKE UP,
GEORGE! IT'S ME—
YOUR OLD PAL!
HAH—HAH—HAH!

NO! OHH—GO
AWAY! AHHHHH—
YOU'RE ONLY A
NIGHTMARE!



A NIGHTMARE, AM I?
HAH! I'LL SHOW YOU!
WAKE UP, YOU FOOL!
YOU'LL SEE HOW REAL
I AM!

HUH?
Y—YOU
CAN'T
BE REAL!



I'LL RIP YOUR THROAT
OUT! AHHHHHHH—

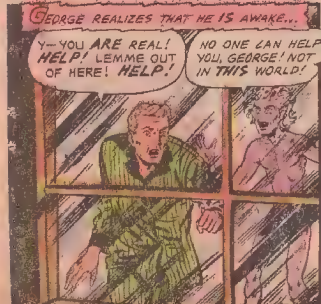
NO! HELP!



GEORGE REALIZES THAT HE IS AWAKE...

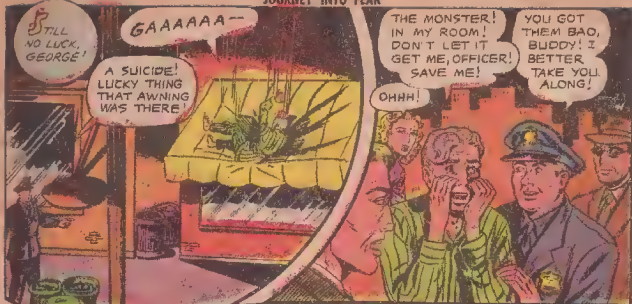
Y—YOU ARE REAL!
HELP! LET ME OUT
OF HERE! HELP!

NO ONE CAN HELP
YOU, GEORGE! NOT
IN THIS WORLD!



I'LL KILL
MYSELF!
AAAAHHHHH—





STILL
NO LUCK,
GEORGE!

GAAAAAA--

A SUICIDE!
LUCKY THING
THAT AWNING
WAS THERE!

THE MONSTER!
IN MY ROOM!
DON'T LET IT
GET ME, OFFICER!
SAVE ME!

YOU GOT
THEM BAD,
BUDDY! I
BETTER
TAKE YOU
ALONG!

OHHH!

LATER AT THE
PRISON HOSPITAL...

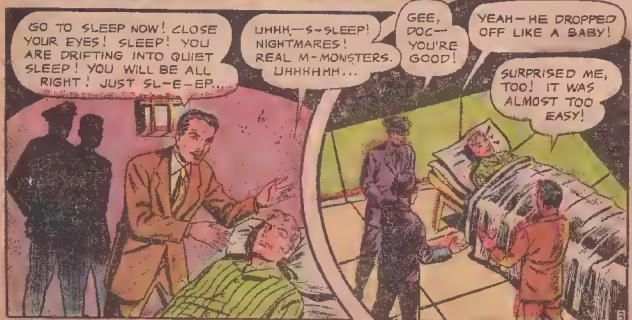
HMMM-- WORSE CASE
OF D.T.'S I'VE SEEN
IN YEARS!

PERHAPS HYPNOSIS WILL WORK!
I'VE BEEN USING IT LATELY!
IF I CAN PUT HIM TO SLEEP...

SEE FOR
YOURSELF,
DOC! HE'S
A REAL
NUT!

YEAH-- KEEPS
YELLING ABOUT
MONSTERS! CAN'T
YOU DO SOME-
THING?

AHHHH--
HELP!
DON'T
LET IT
GET ME!



GO TO SLEEP NOW! CLOSE
YOUR EYES! SLEEP! YOU
ARE DRIFTING INTO QUIET
SLEEP! YOU WILL BE ALL
RIGHT! JUST SL-E-EP...

UHHH--S-SLEEP!
NIGHTMARES!
REAL M-MONSTERS.
UHHHHHH...

GEE,
DOC--
YOU'RE
GOOD!

YEAH-- HE DROPPED
OFF LIKE A BABY!

SURPRISED ME,
TOO! IT WAS
ALMOST TOO
EASY!

ON THE CHILL DARK HOURS OF THE DAWN...

UGHHH — N-NO!
NOT AGAIN! G-GO
AWAY! L-LEAVE
ME ALONE!

FOR ONCE YOU'RE SAFE,
GEORGE! SO DEEP IN
HYPNOSIS YOU CAN'T
WAKE UP TO NEW
TERROR...

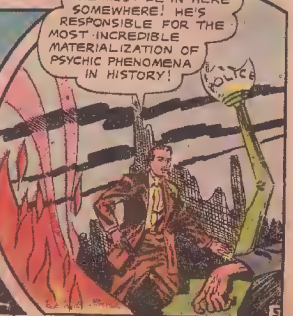
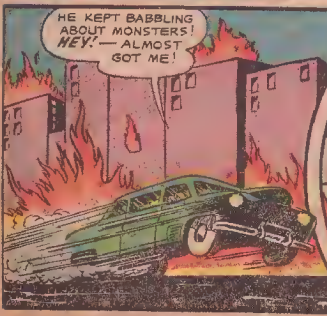
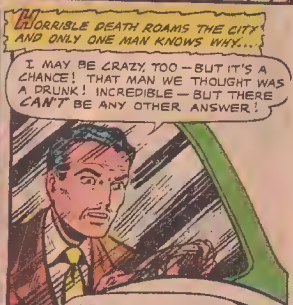
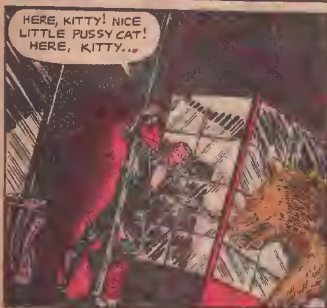
BUT THAT
CRAZY BRAIN
OF YOURS
CAN'T STOP...

DREAMING NEW AND
HORRIBLE MONSTERS...

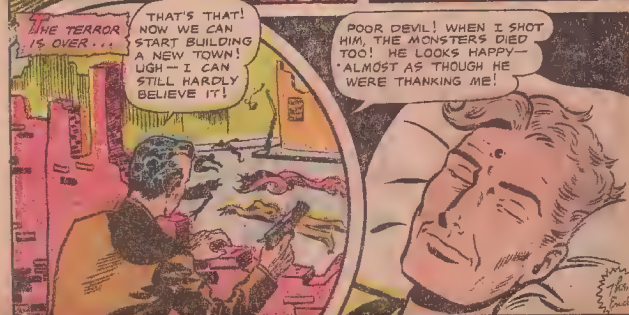
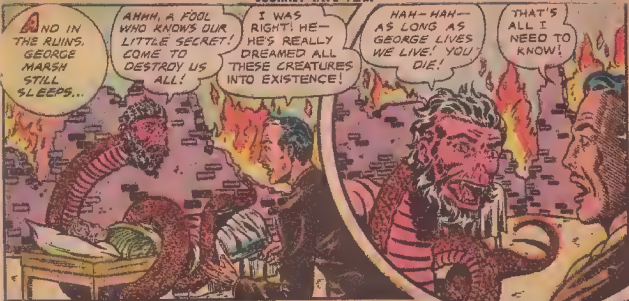
HUH! I
MUST BE
DREAMING!

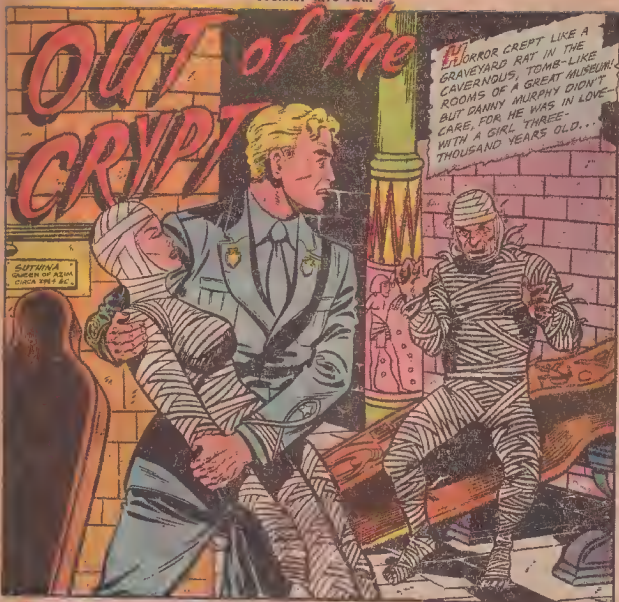
RUN,
MIKE!
HELP!

GAAAAA—



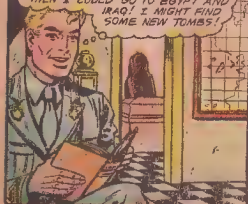
JOURNEY INTO FEAR





DANNY HAD ALWAYS WANTED TO BE AN ARCHEOLOGIST, BUT HE SETTLED FOR A JOB AS GUARD AT THE MUSEUM...

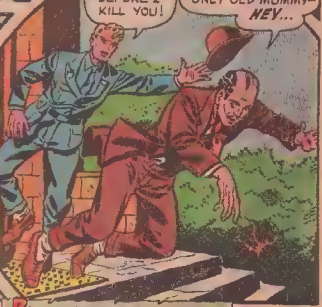
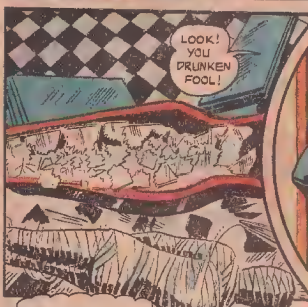
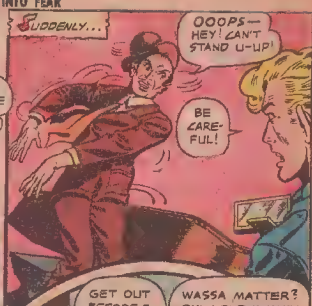
GOSH, IF I COULD ONLY GO TO COLLEGE! GET AN EDUCATION! THEN I COULD GO TO EGYPT AND IRAQ! I MIGHT FIND SOME NEW TOMBS!



MOSTLY DANNY SPENT HIS NIGHTS LOOKING AT SUTHINA, A MUMMY MARVELOUSLY PRESERVED BY A NEW VACUUM PROCESS...

SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL! IF I HAD LIVED THEN I— I WOULD HAVE BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER! I EXPECT A LOT OF MEN WERE!





A STRANGE THRILL OF DELIGHT SHIVERS THROUGH DANNY — DELIGHT MIXED WITH TERROR...

HER LIPS — WARM!
AND HER EYES
ARE OPENING!
SHE'S
ALIVE!

YES, SUTHINA LIVES!
YOUR LIPS GAVE ME
LIFE! COME, KISS
ME AGAIN!

AFTER THE KISS...

NOW HELP ME
GET RID OF THESE
FILTHY RAGS! FAUGH!
I HAVE WORN THEM
FOR CENTURIES!

MUST BE
DREAMING—
OR CRAZY!
HUH?
S-SURE!
THIS
COULDN'T
REALLY
HAPPEN!

OHH—IT IS GOOD
TO MOVE AGAIN!
TO BREATHE!
AND TO LOVE,
MY DANNY!

YOU KNOW
MY NAME!

OF COURSE I KNOW!
HAVE YOU NOT WATCHED
ME EVERY NIGHT FOR
MONTHS? BUT WE MUST
NOT WASTE TIME! AT DAWN
I MUST RETURN TO THE
SARCOPHAGUS!

TELL ME ABOUT
IT, SUTHINA! TELL
ME! I MUST
KNOW EVERY-
THING!

SUTHINA CLINGS TO
DANNY IN SUDDEN
FEAR...

RADAMUS! HE—HE
IS HERE, TOO! I
AM AFRAID!

WHAT IS
IT, SUTHINA?

SEE THE DATE, MY
DANNY? WE DIED
TOGETHER! RADAMUS
WAS IN LOVE WITH ME!

RADAMUS SORCERER
AT COURT OF QUEEN
SUTHINA, CIRCA 2964 B.C.

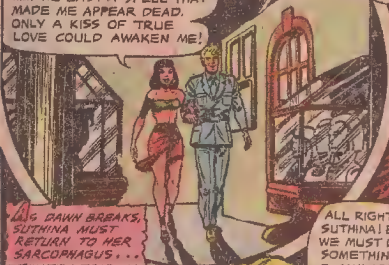
**SUTHINA
EXPLAINS...**

I WAS A GREAT
QUEEN, DANNY,
AND RADAMUS
WAS MY SORCERER.

BUT HE FELL IN LOVE WITH
ME! HE WAS HORRIBLE,
UGLY! WHEN I SPURNED
HIM HE CAST A SPELL THAT
MADE ME APPEAR DEAD.
ONLY A KISS OF TRUE
LOVE COULD AWAKEN ME!

MY KISS,
SUTHINA!
I FELL IN
LOVE WITH
YOU FROM
THE FIRST!

YES, YOUR KISS! BUT RADAMUS MEANT
THE KISS TO BE HIS! HE BOASTED OF
HIS PLAN TO CAST A SPELL ON HIMSELF—
AND MEET ME AGAIN IN ANOTHER AGE!
UGH—AS THOUGH I COULD LOVE HIM
EVEN AFTER THREE THOUSAND
YEARS!

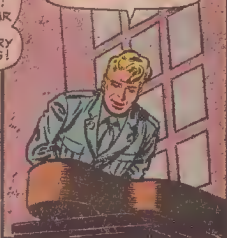
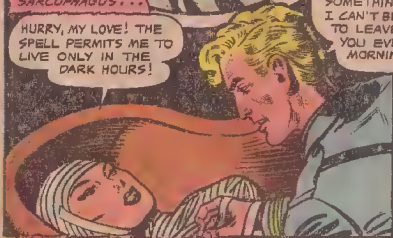


AS DAWN BREAKS,
SUTHINA MUST
RETURN TO HER
SARCOPHAGUS...

HURRY, MY LOVE! THE
SPELL PERMITS ME TO
LIVE ONLY IN THE
DARK HOURS!

ALL RIGHT,
SUTHINA! BUT
WE MUST DO
SOMETHING!
I CAN'T BEAR
TO LEAVE
YOU EVERY
MORNING!

GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE!
UNTIL THIS EVENING!



DANNY LEAVES THE MUSEUM
IN A DELIGHTFUL DAZE...

HI, DANNY! HEY—WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH HIM?
ACTS LIKE HE'S IN
LOVE!

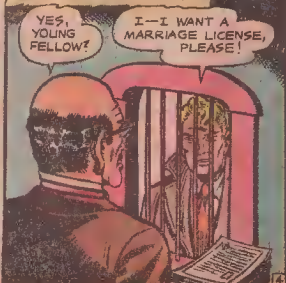
THAT GUY!
HAH—HAH! DON'T
BE SILLY! ALL
HE CARES ABOUT
IS MUMMIES!



YES—ALL HE CARES ABOUT
IS A VERY SPECIAL MUMMY...

YES,
YOUNG
FELLOW?

I—I WANT A
MARRIAGE LICENSE,
PLEASE!



HIS MIND REELING WITH WHAT HE HAS SEEN AND DONE, DANNY CANNOT GO TO BED THAT DAY...

I MUST BE MAD! CRAZY! BUT IT HAPPENED—I KNOW IT DID! IT'S TERRIBLE, I SUPPOSE, BUT I DON'T CARE! I LOVE SUTHINA!

SAY, DID YOU SEE THAT GUY?

YEAH—ACTS LIKE HE'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

NO ONE WILL EVER HAVE TO KNOW! WE'LL GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY—TONIGHT!

HARMLESS, I GUESS! TALKING TO HIMSELF! WELL, MAYBE THE LAD'S IN LOVE!

LATER... THIS ONE, SIR? ONE OF OUR MOST EXPENSIVE MODELS!

YES, THAT'S SWELL! JUST HAVE IT WRAPPED, PLEASE! I'LL TAKE EVERYTHING WITH ME!

THAT NIGHT...

HELLO, MY LOVE! THE DAY WAS LONG WITHOUT YOU! BUT WHAT HAVE YOU IN THE BOXES?

A SURPRISE FOR YOU, SUTHINA! HURRY NOW! WE CAN'T WASTE TIME!

DANNY! THEY ARE LOVELY! BUT WHY? AND WHY ARE YOU SO STRANGE TONIGHT?

JUST HURRY, PLEASE! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE—FOR GOOD!

WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, SUTHINA! TONIGHT! I'VE ARRANGED IT! WE'RE NEVER COMING BACK!

DANNY! NO! WE CAN'T! YOU KNOW I CANNOT LIVE BY DAY. AND I'M AFRAID THAT SOMEHOW RADAMUS WILL HARM YOU! HE WAS VERY JEALOUS!

THAT MUMMY! WE DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF HIM! I SAY WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

DANNY! LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!

THE ROOM DIMS AND FILLS WITH THE STENCH OF DECAYED FLESH! THERE IS A SOUND OF SULLEN THUNDER AND THEN...

I COME IN TIME, SUTHINA! AT LAST MY SPELL HAS BROKEN, TOO! AND I FIND YOU STILL UNFAITHFUL!

COME, MY QUEEN! I HAVE LOVED YOU FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS AND I WILL NOT LOSE YOU NOW! COME! SEE HOW I AM DECAYED WHILE YOU ARE LOVELY!

NO! KEEP AWAY! I LOATHE YOU!

LOATHE ME, DO YOU? PERHAPS THE TOUCH OF YOUR FLESH WILL RESTORE MINE!

AAAAHHH—DANNY!

ROTTEN—FILTHY—I'LL CUT YOU TO BITS! NASTY...

IN A FRENZY OF FEAR AND HATE, DANNY HACKS AT THE MUMMY.

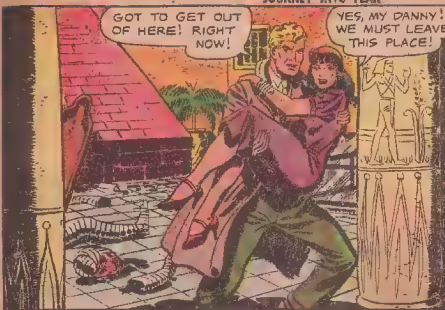
SUTHINA'S SCREAM BRINGS DANNY OUT OF HIS DAZE OF HORROR...

LEAVE HER ALONE! I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU FOOL! SHE IS MINE! YOU UPSTART! FOR CENTURIES I HAVE WAITED FOR HER...

HO—HO—MY BONES FALL APART, BUT I WILL NOT DIE!

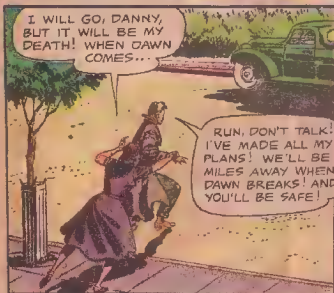
JOURNEY INTO FEAR



GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE! RIGHT
NOW!

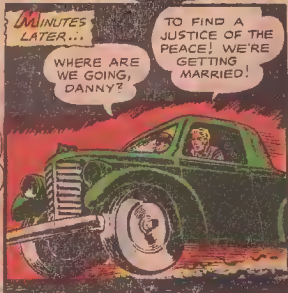
YES, MY DANNY!
WE MUST LEAVE
THIS PLACE!

GO, FOOLS! RUN—
RUN! I WILL FIND
YOU WHEN I WANT
YOU! THE EARTH
IS NOT BIG ENOUGH
TO HIDE FROM ME!



I WILL GO, DANNY,
BUT IT WILL BE MY
DEATH! WHEN DAWN
COMES...

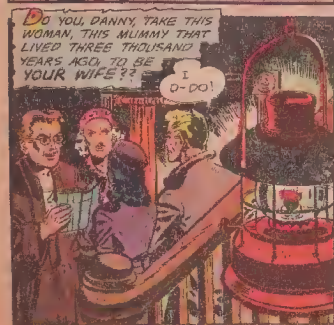
RUN, DON'T TALK!
I'VE MADE ALL MY
PLANS! WE'LL BE
MILES AWAY WHEN
DAWN BREAKS! AND
YOU'LL BE SAFE!



**MINUTES
LATER...**

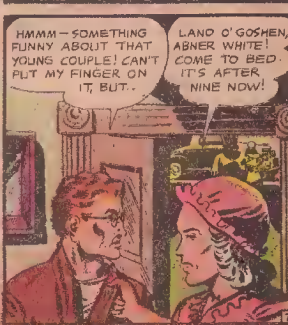
WHERE ARE
WE GOING,
DANNY?

TO FIND A
JUSTICE OF THE
PEACE! WE'RE
GETTING
MARRIED!



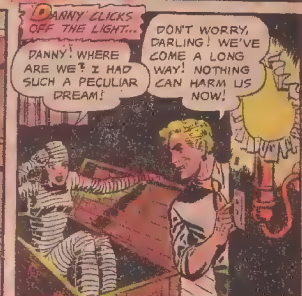
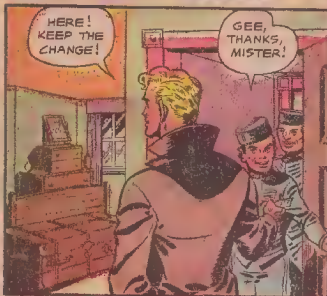
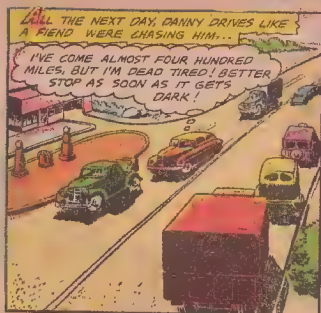
DO YOU, DANNY, TAKE THIS
WOMAN, THIS MUMMY THAT
LIVED THREE THOUSAND
YEARS AGO, TO BE
YOUR WIFE??

I
D-DO!



HMMM—SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT THAT
YOUNG COUPLE! CAN'T
PUT MY FINGER ON
IT, BUT..

LAND O' GOSHEN,
ABNER WHITE!
COME TO BED.
IT'S AFTER
NINE NOW!



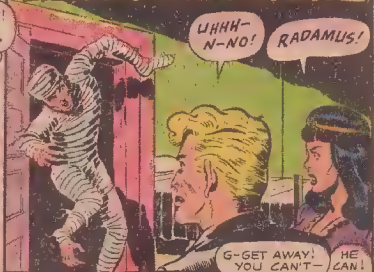
THE DOOR, SUTHINA AND DANNY!
FATE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...

SCREAM, DANNY, S-C-R-E-A-MMM...



B-BUT WHO...

DANNY! HE'S FOUND US!



UHHH-N-NO!

RADAMUS!

I HURRIED! YOU SEE THE WAY I HAD TO PULL MY FOOT DECAYING BODY TOGETHER! THERE WAS NO TIME TO GET IT RIGHT! I WANTED TO JOIN YOU, SUTHINA! MY LOVE!

I WILL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU! WHEREVER YOU GO- I GO! AT NIGHT I WILL BE THERE- ALWAYS! FOREVER!

G-GET AWAY! YOU CAN'T- YOU'RE NOT- I WON'T..

HE CAN! AND HE WILL! WE HAVE LOST, MY DANNY!



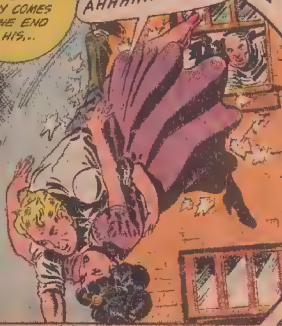
EACH MAN'S ROPE IS JUST SO LONG- AND DANNY COMES TO THE END OF HIS...

WE'LL DIE TOGETHER, SUTHINA! AHHHHHHHHHHH!



UGH-WHAT'S THAT HE'S HOLDING? A BAG OF OLD BONES!

COME ON, FOLKS MOVE ALONG NOW!



AND FROM SOMEWHERE THERE COMES A TERRIBLE SOUND...

The End



IT WAS late and dusk was lurking just behind the livid sunset. The clouds hung heavy. It was one of those uncomfortable twilights, not at all the most pleasurable way to start out on a honeymoon.

But if Joan was feeling the oppression, she said nothing. Jim Cummings glanced at her from the corner of his eye as he wheeled the new Ford along the deserted road. He had never seen her look so lovely — or so cool. But then Joan, his wife of a few hours, had always been lovely. That, among other things, was why he had married her that very morning.

She looked up from the road map spread across her knees. "We might as well admit it, darling. We're lost!"

Jim nodded. "I know. I've known since that last sign, miles back. But why worry? We'll just keep driving until we hit something, sooner or later."

Joan bit her full red lip in chagrin. "I know, Jim. You're probably right. Only . . ."

"Only what? This is our honeymoon, baby. The very first day of it. Don't start worrying about anything."

Her face was somber. "That's it. I don't like it — being lost on our first day. It — it's a bad omen or something."

Jim cast his eyes to heaven. "Women! I love you, baby, but you're being very silly. We . . ."

"Oh, look, a crossroads!" Joan was pointing ahead, through a windshield.

They pulled to a stop at the crossroads and Jim got out. He approached the great tree that grew squarely in the center of the junction. A fine place for a tree! And the signs attached to it were worse than useless. There were two of them, but the lettering on both was faded. Jim cursed softly and stood beneath the tree, peering up into the thick branches. Without knowing why, he put out a hand and touched the bark of the tree, then drew it back in sharp distaste. There was something revolting about it, about the feel of the lichened bark. It was like touching a diseased skin.

Joan honked and he went back to the car. "No luck, baby. We're still lost."

"There's a house," she said, pointing off to one side. "See, there in the hollow. Why don't you go and ask, darling? I'll wait in the car."

Odd that he hadn't seen the house, he thought. But then it did lurk behind a row of trees, in the hollow. He scanned the unpainted front, the sagging windows and rotting shutters. Between this hulking wreck of a house, and that darned peculiar tree, he was beginning to feel like a character out of Poe. There *was* something strange and uneasy about this place!

AFTER five minutes of knocking, the door creaked open. Jim stared at the old man who, in turn, was staring at him. The man could have been any age between 80 and 100. A mass of white, unkempt hair framed his thin features. The nose was hooked, the lips thin and bloodless over a few rotting yellow teeth. He was gnarled and bent and something about him reminded Jim of the tree back there.

The old man laughed shrilly. "Lost, are ye? Hah-hah! They all gets lost around here. Come to old Seth, every time. Gets as far as the hanging tree and stops, they do."

Jim stared. "Hanging tree?"

The old man gestured. "Yonder in the crossroads. Older than me, that tree, by a couple hundred years. Used it for hanging in the old days." He began to cackle evilly. "Used it lately, too. Been six of 'em in the last five years. Something about that tree, there is!"

"Never mind that, Pop. How do I get to Watertown? My wife and I . . ."

"Your wife with you?" Something gleamed in the old man's eyes.

"Sure. In the car. Why?"

The old man laughed, high and shrill. "Wouldn't leave her alone around that tree, young feller. Better git back there. Take the right turn, drive like the devil was after ye." The rheumy old eyes flashed. "Might be he is, a night like this." And he slammed the door in Jim's face.

Jim, afterward, could never explain why he ran. Ran, panting, sweating, back toward the car and the tree. As he ran he called out: "Joan, Joan, baby. Are you all right?"

The car was empty. Jim stared around, then his eyes were drawn to the tree. And there, in the gloom, swinging from the lowermost branch . . .

"No! Joan!" Jim was running, praying. He reached the tree, stared up at the con-

torted face of his wife, saw the cruel rope cutting into the tender flesh of her throat.

Somehow he got up into the tree, cut the rope with his pocket knife. He lowered Joan gently to earth. And then his heart leaped in joy. She was still breathing faintly. Jim went to work, using the artificial resuscitation he had learned as a boy. When she was breathing normally again he put her in the car and drove, literally, as if the devil were after them. Jim knew that he was.

The doctor, hours later, was very gentle with the young husband. The girl would live, certainly. But there was something else! The haunted, dull look in her eyes might never go away. She might never again recognize Jim — or anybody!

JIM, pale and strained, haunted the hospital for three days, until they drove him away. Then, as darkness came on, he bought an axe and put it into the car. He drove to the hanging tree. "Now," he whispered hoarsely. "Now, tree! I'm going to take care of you — and the thing that lives somewhere in you!"

The axe blade gleamed like silver as Jim strode toward the black bulk of the tree. He dried his moist hands on a handkerchief, took off his coat and prepared to swing the axe. Just then he heard movement behind him and swung around. Joan, her lovely face as pale as the moon, and as cold, was coming toward him. The dullness in her eyes made Jim wince.

"No," said Joan. "You mustn't. The tree is our friend. It wants us to come with it,

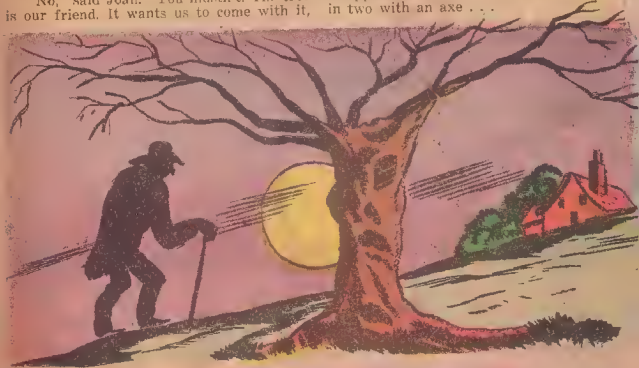
to go to a beautiful place together. She stared at Jim without seeming to see him.

Jim took a step toward her. "Baby! H— how did you get here? You should be in the hospital. Come on, now . . ."

For the first time her eyes sparked into life. Cunning gleamed in them. "I outwitted them," she cried. "You can too. Listen to the tree. Do what it wants us to do. Get the rope from the car, darling. We'll die together — on the tree. The marvelous, beautiful tree. Listen! It's calling us now. Hurry!"

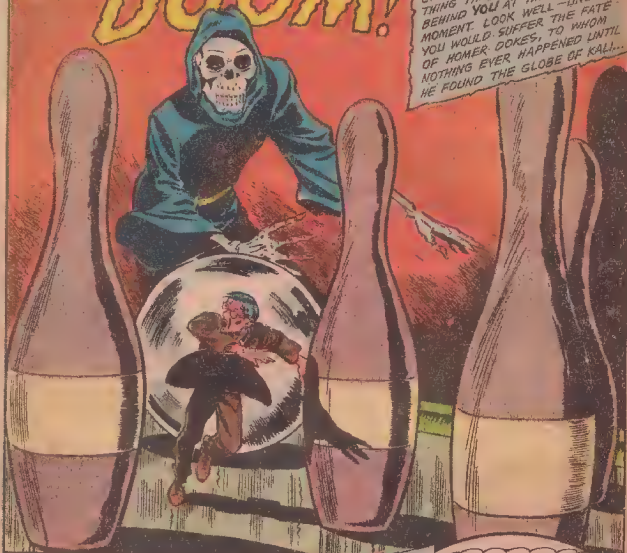
Jim knew then. For her soul, and his own, he must act. He sprang at her, his fist clenched. She fell without a sound. Then he turned to the tree with a curse and began to swing the axe. The shining blade bit deeply into the scabrous bark. And the tree screamed! It screamed and screamed, like a fiend howling in the night, as Jim swung the axe in fury, again and again! Only when the tree toppled with a crash did the horrible screaming cease. Jim flung down the axe, picked up his unconscious wife, and went back to his car. He did not look back as he drove away. But once, as he glanced down at her by his side, he saw that Joan was smiling. Her face was changed now, the face he had first fallen in love with.

She remembered little when she awoke. And Jim never told her what was in the story carried by the papers a day or so later. An old man had been found dead in a deserted house. Murdered, the papers said. It appeared that someone had chopped him in two with an axe . . .



Preview of DOOM!

DEATH WEARS MANY MASKS, AND IN THE MIDST OF SUNSHINE AND JOLLITY CAN BE FOUND THE TWISTED FACE OF HORROR! NO ONE CAN BE IMMUNE TO THE THING THAT MAY BE STALKING BEHIND YOU AT THIS VERY MOMENT. LOOK WELL—UNLESS YOU WOULD SUFFER THE FATE OF HOMER DOKES, TO WHOM NOTHING EVER HAPPENED UNTIL HE FOUND THE GLOBE OF KALI...



A VERY ORDINARY GUY, HOMER DOKES, LEAVES THE BOWLING TOURNAMENT IN A NEARBY CITY...

HAVE A GOOD TIME, DEAR! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

GOODBYE, ANN! I'M GOING TO SHOW THOSE GUYS THIS YEAR!

AT THE STATION...

GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW WE HAD CONTESTANTS COMING ALL THE WAY FROM INDIA! THIS'LL BE SOMETHING TO TELL ANN WHEN I GET BACK!



I'D SURE LIKE TO TALK TO THAT FELLOW! BUT MAYBE I BETTER NOT— HE LOOKS SORT OF, ER, FORBIDDING! MAYBE I CAN MEET HIM LATER!

SUDDENLY...

THE TRAIN S-STOPPED IN TIME!

WHILE IN THE COACH...

G-GOSH! MUST HAVE BEEN A CLOSE CALL! THAT ENGINEER SURE CLAMPED ON THE BRAKES! HOPE MY BOWLING BALL ISN'T DAMAGED!

YOURS, I BELIEVE, SIR! YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!

UHH—OH, I'M SORRY! S-SURE, HERE'S YOURS!

AT LAST! I HAVE RID MYSELF OF IT! IF ONLY THE FOOL DOES NOT OPEN IT UNTIL WE REACH THE END OF THE JOURNEY! KALI WILL BE PLEASED WITH A NEW VICTIM!

THAT NIGHT...

HUH! A CRYSTAL BALL! THAT HINDU FELLOW MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE AFTER ALL.

HAH-HAH—DOKES MUST BE FIGURING TO HEX US, MEN!

YEAH—PRETTY GOOD! MAYBE HOMER THINKS HE NEEDS A CRYSTAL BALL TO ROLL A GOOD SCORE!

STROMER
BORROWS
ANOTHER
BOWLING
BALL, BUT
THAT NIGHT
AT THE
HOTEL...

DARNED IF THERE ISN'T
SOMETHING FASCINATING
ABOUT THAT THING! THAT
GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A
FORTUNE TELLER!
HMMM— GUESS I'LL
JUST HAVE A PEEK!

PRETTY SILLY, I
GUESS! EVERYONE
KNOWS THESE
THINGS ARE FAKE—
HEY—I DO SEE
SOMETHING!

TO THE STRICKEN MAN IT SEEMS THAT LOW,
MOCKING LAUGHTER FILLS THE ROOM! OVER IT
HE CAN SOMEHOW HEAR THE VOICES IN THE
CRYSTAL BALL...

ANN! MY WIFE!
KISSING YOUNG
HODGE FROM
NEXT DOOR!
THEY'RE HAVING
AN AFFAIR! OH,
ANN...

I LOVE YOU,
DARLING! DO
IT QUICKLY,
BEFORE WE
LOSE OUR
COURAGE!

YES! IT'S
THE ONLY
WAY! AT
LEAST WE
CAN BE
TOGETHER IN
DEATH!

A SUICIDE
PACT! NO,
ANN! STOP!

N-NO! IT CAN'T
BE TRUE! SHE
WOULDN'T—NOT
ANN! I MUST
BE GOING
CRAZY!

I'LL CALL ANN
RIGHT AWAY! BUT
THE THING'S LYING!
I KNOW IT! IT
MUST BE SOME
SORT OF TRICK!

YES, LITTLE MAN! A TRICK!
A CRUEL TRICK OF FATE...

WHO? MR. DOKES! GLAD YOU
CALLED, SIR! BETTER GET
HOME RIGHT AWAY! I WAS
PASSING WHEN I HEARD
SHOTS! I CAME IN AND
FOUND THEM— BOTH
DEAD!

O—DEAD!
THEN
THE BALL
DIDN'T
LIE! I
KNEW
ALL THE
TIME!

STUNNED AND REELING WITH GRIEF AND
SHOCK, STILL HOMER FINDS HIMSELF
DRAWN TO THE BALL...

YOU— YOU
THING! HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?
HOW?

THEN...

T—THAT
HINDU!

HEED MY WORDS,
THOU! YOU HAVE THE
ACCURSED GLOBE OF
KALI! GET RID OF IT,
AS I DID! SAVE
YOURSELF, AS I DID!
YOU HAVE LOOKED
TWICE, BUT DO
NOT LOOK AGAIN!
HE WHO LOOKS A
THIRD TIME MUST
SEE HIS OWN FATE!
HEED WELL!

THE MADDENED MAN FINDS
A FIRE AXE AND...

LIGHT—C—CAN'T EVEN
DENT THE INFERNAL
THING!

BUT IN HIS
RAGE HE DEFIES
THE BALL—
AND THE
FATES...

MAYBE YOU DO KNOW
THE FUTURE! MAYBE YOU
ARE CURSED! BUT I'M
NOT AFRAID OF YOU—
HEAR! I'M NOT
AFRAID!

MY FACE! I—I'M
GOING TO SEE MY
OWN FATE! HAH—HAH!
I DON'T CARE, I'M
NOT A COWARD!
MAYBE I'LL
FOOL IT!

I AM A
MURDERER! I,
HOMER DOKES,
AM A
MURDERER!

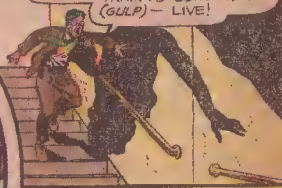
W-WHAT! I'M
SAYING THAT I'M
A MURDERER!
BUT HOW...

THERE! I'LL
SHOW YOU!
MAYBE YOU GOT THE
OTHERS, BUT YOU WON'T
GET ME! I'LL CHEAT YOU!

AND *THAT'S* HOW I'M
GOING TO DIE! A TRAIN
RUNNING OVER ME! *NO!*
I'LL FOOL IT! I'LL MAKE
A LIAR OUT OF IT!



GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! GET
HOME! BUT I WON'T RIDE A
TRAIN! I'LL NEVER GO NEAR A
TRAIN AS LONG AS I—
(GULP)— LIVE!



AGAIN THE LOW MOCKING LAUGHTER RINGS
IN THE EARS OF HOMER DOKES AS HE
LEAVES THE HOTEL...

WE'LL
FIND THE
GUY THAT
DID IT!

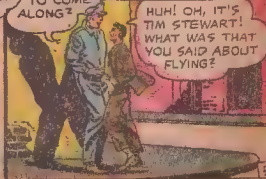
POOR
MAN!

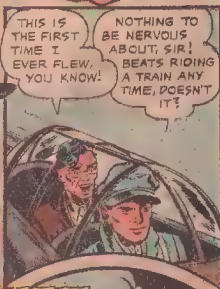
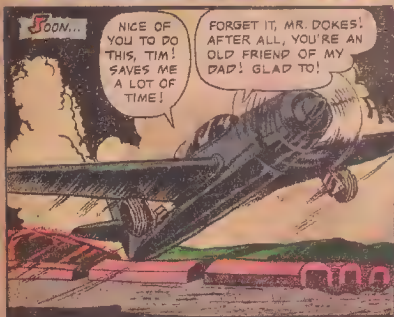
YEAH—
JUST WALKING
ALONG AND
THIS SHINY
BALL HIT
HIM ON
THE HEAD!

IT CAME
TRUE! I—I AM
A MURDERER
NOW! I THREW
THE BALL!

MR. DOKES! GLAD TO SEE YOU,
SIR! I WAS JUST GOING TO FLY
DOWN TO YOUR TOWN! WANT
TO COME
ALONG?

HUH! OH, IT'S
TIM STEWART!
WHAT WAS THAT
YOU SAID ABOUT
FLYING?





FUNNY, BUT I'M
NOT AFRAID! THAT
BALL DID ME A
FAVOR, REALLY!
AS LONG AS I
AVOID TRAINS...

IT OPENED! JUST
THE WAY TIM SAID
IT WOULD! I'M SAFE!
BUT HE SAID TO
WATCH FOR
WIRES AND
THINGS, TOO!

THOSE HIGH TENSION
WIRES! GOT TO PULL
AT THE SHROUDS,
JUST LIKE TIM SAID!
MAYBE I CAN MISS
THEM!

MISSED THEM!
NOW JUST A
FEW FEET
MORE AND—

A TUNNEL!
A TRAIN
COMING...

AAAGHHH!

The
End

MASKED DEATH!

MURDER, IS SUCH A LITTLE THING— WHEN YOU GET AWAY WITH IT! AS THE YEARS PASS AND THERE IS NO SUSPICION, AS YOU ENJOY THE FRUITS OF IT! YOU CAN EVEN FALL IN LOVE AND PLAN TO MARRY AGAIN! YET THERE COMES A DAY! A DAY WHEN YOU BEGIN PAYING! AND PAYING! SO IT WAS WITH LUCINDA MASON, MURDERESS...



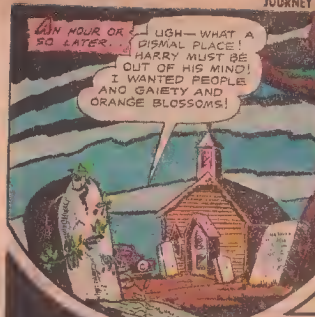
FIVE YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE LUCINDA POISONED HER HUSBAND FOR HIS MONEY! NO SUSPICION EVER FELL ON HER. NOW SHE IS ABOUT TO MARRY AGAIN! BUT...

BUT, HARRY! WHY PICK A LITTLE COUNTRY CHURCH? IT'S SO FAR TO DRIVE! AND THERE'S A STORM BREWING...

WE MUST, LUCINDA! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER. MEET ME AT FOUR. GOODBYE!

HARRY SOUNDED SO FUNNY! AND MAKING ME DRIVE WAY OUT IN THE COUNTRY TO GET MARRIED! BUT I SUPPOSE HE HAS HIS REASONS!





AN HOUR OR SO LATER...
UGH—WHAT A DISMAL PLACE!
HARRY MUST BE OUT OF HIS MIND!
I WANTED PEOPLE AND GAIETY AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS!

HOW STRANGE! HARRY ISN'T HERE YET! DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A SOUL AROUND!

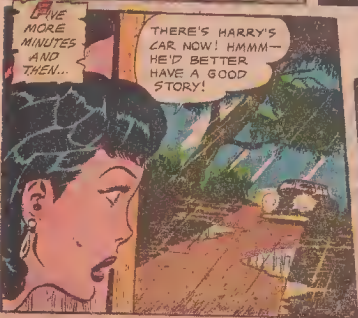


A FINE WAY TO TREAT A GIRL ON HER WEDDING DAY! OH—HERE COMES THE STORM!



HALF AN HOUR PASSES...

SOME WEDDING DAY! STOOD UP AT THE CHURCH! OH, JUST WAIT UNTIL I SEE HARRY BRINKER!



FIVE MORE MINUTES AND THEN...

THERE'S HARRY'S CAR NOW! HMMM—HE'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD STORY!



HARRY! YOU—B—BUT YOU'RE NOT HARRY!

W-HO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

DON'T BE AFRAID, LUCINDA! I'M A FRIEND OF HARRY'S!

A FRIEND OF HARRY'S?

YES! I WAS TO BE BEST MAN, BUT THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT! HARRY IS IN THE HOSPITAL! MY FACE WAS CUT BADLY!

OH! IS HARRY-- IS HE...

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! A FEW BROKEN BONES, BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. COME INSIDE!

LUCINDA NOTICES THAT A STRANGE, PETID ODOR PERVADES THE LITTLE CHAPEL...

NO, LUCINDA! I PROMISED HARRY I WOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU!

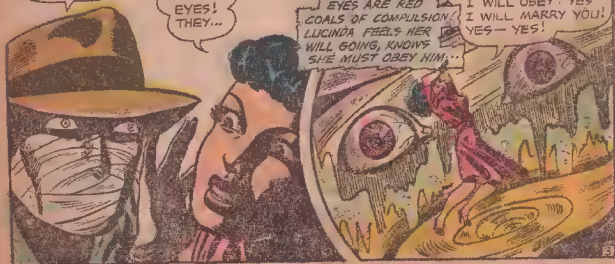
UGH-- THAT SMELL! AND-- AND WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME SO STRANGELY? I THINK I HAD BETTER GO!

I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE, LUCINDA! I'LL DO MORE! YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY ME!

Y-YOUR EYES! THEY...

THE STRANGER'S EYES ARE RED GOALS OF COMPULSION! LUCINDA FEELS HER WILL GOING, KNOWS SHE MUST OBEY HIM...

MY H-HEAD! SPINNING SO! I FEEL SO WEAK! BUT I WILL OBEY! YES-- I WILL MARRY YOU! YES-- YES!



AT A SIGN FROM THE
MASKED STRANGER...

FINE, YOUNG LADY!
I AM HERE TO
PERFORM THE CEREMONY!
SHALL WE — (CHUCKLE) —
BEGIN?

TO LUCINDA, GROPING IN A FOG
OF INERTIA AND TERROR, COMES
THE FAINT SOUND OF ORGAN
MUSIC...

COME, MY
DEAR! HE
IS WAITING
TO MARRY
US!

YES! OF
COURSE!
IF YOU
SAY SO!

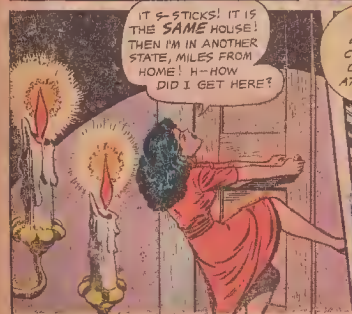
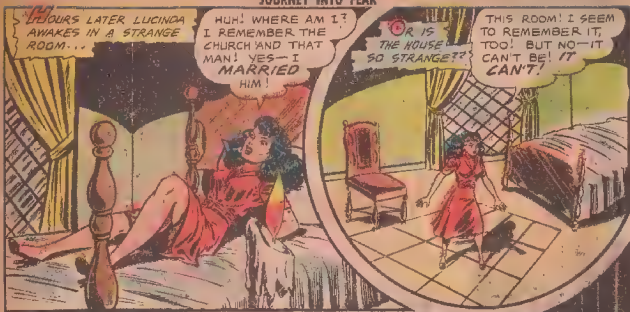
I NOW PRONOUNCE
YOU MAN AND WIFE,
UNTIL — (CHUCKLE) —
DEATH DO YOU
PART!

I—I CAN'T SEEM
TO BREATHE! EVERY-
THING GOING AROUND,
IT'S ALL LIKE A
BAD DREAM!

YOU WILL UNDERSTAND,
DEAR, IF I DON'T KISS
YOU NOW! THE
BANDAGES,
YOU KNOW!

Y-YES!
OF COURSE,
MY HUSBAND!

A STRANGE
COLORED MIST
CLOSES IN
AROUND
LUCINDA...

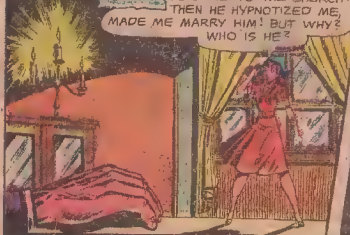


JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THE SHOCK OF SEEING
HER FIANCE DEAD SEEMS
TO CLEAR LUCINDA'S
BRAIN...

THE MAN THAT BROUGHT
ME HERE! HE MUST HAVE
KILLED HARRY BEFORE
HE CAME TO THE CHURCH!
THEN HE HYPNOTIZED ME,
MADE ME MARRY HIM! BUT WHY?
WHO IS HE?

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE! BUT I
CAN'T GO TO THE
POLICE—THEY MIGHT
ASK QUESTIONS
ABOUT—ABOUT MY
FIRST HUSBAND!



A CAR! GOOD! I'LL
GO SO FAR—THAT
CREATURE WILL
NEVER FIND ME
AGAIN!

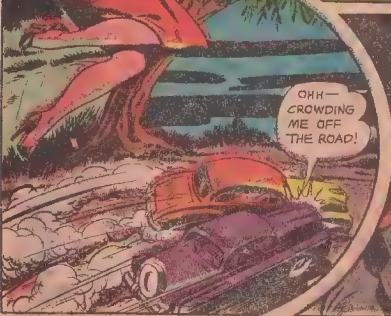
BUT
MINUTES
LATER...

THAT CAR
BEHIND ME!
FOLLOWING
ME!



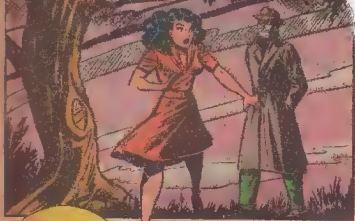
LUCINDA, MY DARLING!
I'M SURPRISED! TRYING
TO RUN AWAY FROM
YOUR NEW HUSBAND!
YOU MUST COME
BACK AT ONCE!

OH—
CROWDING
ME OFF
THE ROAD!



NO! LET ME
GO! LEAVE
ME ALONE!

IT WON'T DO
ANY GOOD TO
RUN, LUCINDA!



ONCE AGAIN
LUCINDA FEELS
THE STRANGE
MIST CLOSE
AROUND HER!
SHE MUST
OBEY...

YES! I
CANNOT
RUN AWAY!
I DON'T
WANT TO.
I WILL
OBEY YOU!

OF COURSE
YOU WILL,
DEAR
LUCINDA!

YOU RECOGNIZE
THE HOUSE? YOU
POISONED BILL HERE,
REMEMBER! YOU
LISTENED AS HE
DIED SCREAMING
IN AGONY!

YES! I
REMEMBER!



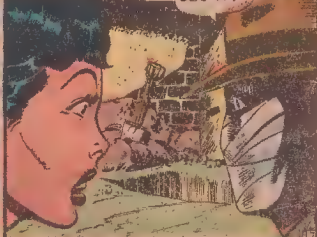
I WILL KEEP YOU IN
THE BASEMENT THIS
TIME, MY DEAR. THERE
ARE NO WINDOWS. THERE
ARE NO WINDOWS
FOR YOU TO CLIMB
THROUGH!

YES! I
REMEMBER
THIS BASE-
MENT! I HID
THE POISON
HERE!



THE
G-GRAVE!

HAH—I SEE YOU
REMEMBER THAT, TOO!
YOU SHOULD! YOU
DUG IT!





UGH—IT'S
H-HORRIBLE

YES! HE DOESN'T LOOK
MUCH LIKE HE DID WHEN
YOU PUT HIM THERE FIVE
YEARS AGO—AND TOLD POLICE
HE'D DESERTED YOU! YOU
FOOLED THEM!



IT
LUCINDA SEES
CLEAR, REALIZES
WITH HORROR
WHERE SHE IS.

W-WHO
ARE YOU?

I WAS AFRAID YOU
WOULD ASK THAT!
AND YOU HAVE A
RIGHT TO KNOW!

THAT C-CHURCH,
THOSE MEN! OUR
MARRIAGE! NONE
OF IT WAS REAL!

NO, IT WAS
AN ILLUSION!
BUT I AM
REAL! YOU
SHALL SEE!




THERE! NOW YOU KNOW WHO I
AM, LUCINDA!

AAAAAAAAHHH—



COME, DEAR LUCINDA! KISS ME
KISS ME BEFORE WE SAY
GOODBYE!

THE SINS WE SIN AND THINK
UNKNOWN—WE MUST PAY FOR
IN THE NIGHT, ALONE...



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